

**The Times-Dispatch**

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MONDAY, MAY 5, 1913.

**STUDY ANNEXATION QUESTION.**

The people of Richmond certainly have the right to say whether the city shall be enlarged by annexation. There can be no objection to an advisory referendum on this question, although it must be remembered that the referendum proposed will be merely advisory and have no enacting force. We believe the result will favor annexation, and we believe that it should favor a broad and far-seeing annexation, commensurate with the present and future importance of the capital of Virginia. We urge, therefore, a close study of the economic and social problems of annexation, so that public opinion may act for the largest and most permanent good of the community. The Times-Dispatch directs attention to some of the points to be considered, not as an advocate, but as an informant.

Growth in Richmond is inevitable and natural. It will be forced by the prosperity of the State and the South. It will take place by natural laws, whether the city limits be extended on maps or not. If not recognized by a corporate enlargement now, it must be recognized later. There is no escape from this, and to try to escape means an attempt at civic suicide. The point to be decided is whether it is not wise and sane to grow now, without hindrance or embarrassment. Failure to provide for the future is always costly. The single strong voice against annexation has been that of labor. It fears an increase of rents. The promises of cheaper homes as a result of the Manchester annexation are declared to have proved untrue. We believe labor should have cheap and comfortable homes. The workman is the foundation of the city's wealth. For that reason we have urged better and cheaper houses for the negro laborers. We now urge calm scrutiny of the issue by the labor organizations. Let them find out whether rents have really increased; whether this is not due to the general increase in the cost of living; whether it may in part be caused by the very conditions that annexation will relieve; whether the increase in rents has not been accompanied by a corresponding increase in the comforts and conveniences in the workman's home.

The laborer does not object to paying a legitimate rent for satisfactory accommodations. He should object to being exploited by land speculation, to expensive and inefficient municipal government and faulty tax laws. He should investigate the whole question of rents, unearned increment, the results of congestion and the results of opening up more territory for competition in renting. He should find out whether the rent he pays and the taxes, for he pays taxes, either directly or through the rent, are bringing him the best municipal service. Personal and inefficient government by politicians may make rents exorbitant because the returns in good service are not adequate. The remedy for this is not to oppose natural growth, but to vote for a better government.

Finally, we think the true question is not shall we have annexation, but to what extent and in what direction. The Chamber of Commerce has proposed one plan. Other plans involving less added territory have been advanced. Let us examine all. Let the committee of the Council turn on the light. Let us understand conditions and plan for our growth with wisdom and justice.

**"THE COOL, LARGE SPACES OF THE UNITED STATES."**

It is good to have a militant poet for President. That is what Woodrow Wilson daily shows himself. He is a poet, for he has imagination and sympathy; he is militant, for he seeks by fighting to make his visions come true. He tries to understand the needs of the whole nation. He is the representative of the folks back home. Rarely has the duty of the President been voiced in finer words than these:

"As I sit in my office in Washington, there are windows only on one side of the room, and those windows look out upon a park and the Potomac River and the shores of Virginia on the other side, and I cannot see Washington from these windows, though sometimes think that I can, because Washington behind me is so close, with its special representatives of little things, who are almost staring at the doors of this office itself, whereas out here are cool, large spaces of the United States. And I would rather hear the whispers coming in at these windows than the strident arguments coming in at those doors."

That is poetry and wisdom. It might have been written by Jefferson himself. It etches in clear lines the grave issue of the hour. Whose voice shall prevail in the republic—"the strident arguments of the special representatives of little things, or the whispers from the cool, large spaces of the United States?" In this concrete and beautiful image is defined the old struggle between the "Interests" and "The People."

It is a good thing to have a President who can hear the whispers from the large spaces, while the predatory and selfish are storming at his very doors. It is a sign of hope that the chief executive can send his spirit out over a vast and powerful coun-

try, and feel that he is acting for the farmers and the laborers and the women and children and all the people of America.

How different is this view from that of his predecessors! The whispers of the large spaces never reached Mr. Taft's ears until they had risen to a chorus of angry reproach. He was deafened and confused, and could never tell whence came the prayers or whence the curses. He sat before the same window, but he heard only the metallic click of his own legal logic beaten across with the throbs of his very gentle and very puzzled heart. Theodore Roosevelt heard no whispers. He heard the plaudits of a Roman mob. He understood the circus aspect of the people. He failed to learn of their slow moving justice and ardent faith in right. The sole whispers he hearkened to were the echoes of his own clamor.

The whispers from the large spaces are the breathing of a people. Nor shouts, nor bravos, nor groans, nor jests, are half so full of portent as the steady, quiet murmur of life itself, and to this murmur the President has bent the ear of his spirit.

**WILLIAM JAMES, PATRIOT AND PHILANTHROPIST.**

This is not about William James, of Massachusetts, the famous pragmatist and psychologist, but about William James, of Mathews County, patriot and philanthropist. He is, according to the Mathews Journal, "the youthful son of Captain and Mrs. Jeff James, of Mathews, who, by diligent efforts, secured enough claims to sell for \$2 and gave the whole amount to the Peninsula High School." Here was of a truth "a striking example of self-interest and interest in education." Would that more of that spirit of sacrifice and service pervaded our Commonwealth! This lad, with the love of his school in his heart, has better served his fellow-men than thousands who possess the ability but not the purpose to make greater this their State. Not all of us can dig claims and give them for the common good, but all of us, great and humble, rich and poor, can at least give our mite of time, labor or goods to furthering the interests of the Old Dominion. A little unselfish serving and a little unselfish sacrifice from every one of us, a little more of the spirit of William James in our souls, and ours would become one of the greatest and most enlightened of Commonwealths.

**PROBITY QUALIFICATION BY PROXY VOTING.**

Every citizen who votes must vote in person. He cannot vote by proxy; no other person can cast his vote. Why, then, should any citizen be allowed to qualify by proxy to exercise his right of suffrage? Why should any person other than the citizen himself be permitted to qualify him for voting? If the citizen must vote in person, why is it that he is not required to qualify in person?

The Times-Dispatch believes that the system in vogue in Virginia which allows one person to qualify another for the exercise of the ballot is the cause of incalculable corruption and crookedness in elections. It creates a method by which the candidate for office may put the voter under obligation to him. The candidate, sometimes with and sometimes without the assent and knowledge of the voter, pays the taxes necessary to qualify the voter, and thus either makes a loan or, far more often, a gift of just that much money to the voter. The voter naturally says, "Who pays my taxes, his song I sing." The voter who allows a candidate for office to pay his poll tax for him, either as a loan or as a gift, is a bribe-taker, and ought not to be allowed to vote; the candidate who adopts such a practice is a bribe-giver, and ought not to be allowed to run for office.

What is the system in operation in Virginia to-day? The candidate for office ascertains what men in his community have not qualified to vote. He immediately divides them into two classes for his own purposes. He deliberately pays the taxes for the men of the first class and then tells them about it, feeling assured that they will not object and that they will gladly vote for him in return for the favor done them by him. By qualifying these men to vote, the candidate buys outright their vote for himself. The second class of voters is composed of those who have not the ready money to pay their taxes within the period required for qualification for voting. They allow the candidate to qualify them because they regard his payment in their behalf as a loan. In 2 per cent of the cases they repay it and consider all obligation to the candidate thereby discharged, but in the remaining 98 per cent of cases, whether they repay him or not, they feel under such obligations to him that they vote for him.

The Times-Dispatch believes that thousands of voters are thus annually corrupted in county, municipal and State elections in this Commonwealth. The candidate bearing a receipt for all taxes for the hard-up voter is irresistible. Common bribery is masked under the euphemistic word "qualification." Offices are secured by men not because of their ability to fill them, but because of their ability to pay the taxes of poor voters. Well-to-do citizens are not reached by this practice, but the men who work by the day, the men who hold their citizenship lightly, the men who are "broke" and the men who look upon a vote as a commodity, are.

The abuse should be checked, if not destroyed by a rigid corrupt practices act, which, with due allowance for cases of strict necessity, will make it a criminal offense for one man to qualify another for voting by paying his taxes. Let the law, under pain of the severest penalties, command the voter to pay his own taxes. Any statute of the sort would be evaded to some extent, but that would be little in the scale against the great number of people who would not violate a law the

infraction of which meant imprisonment. Let this crime against good citizenship in our Commonwealth be punished heavily. Let crooked candidates be brought to book.

**RICHMOND IS QUEER.**

Well, look who's here! Our old friend, Music in the Parks! Wouldn't you think that any ordinary city might have learned that summer band concerts are fine things for health and recreation, and after a year or so of trial, made regular provision for them? Not so in Richmond—here we have to battle for that \$5,000 or \$3,000 each year as if the idea of a little music to break summer monotony and strain was the proposition of a revolutionist. If it were not for the self-interest of the band-leaders, who stir things up so they can pick up a little change, we verily believe we would have no music at all. Hence, we are grateful to the band-leaders. Then also this footless policy gives some member of the Council a chance to pose as the rescuer of the down-trodden poor. He will give them music or know the reason why. The Finance Committee scratches its head, and the board looks wise, and the Mayor chimes in, and at last the ponderous and expensive machinery that runs Richmond at the speed of a rheumatic snail grinds out the concerts.

Yet these concerts are far more important than the very pleasant and ornate festival now being held. It is much more essential that little children and tired workers and restless youths be amused and kept whole-some in mind and body during the hot months than that for two days some thousands of people hear even the most exquisite melody. Band music in the weary evenings are part of a city's daily bread in summer; festivals are just occasional cake. Again, the Wednesday Club should be interested in these concerts, for they do educate people to enjoy music, and that means a larger support for the club.

We think that by this time Richmond's city fathers—who have less real interest in their family than almost any fathers we know—would have put that \$5,000 in the budget as a legitimate and permanent expense. Everybody wants it, and everybody is willing to pay for it. Why not? Why all this flub-dub and delay and backing and filling and grandstand play? Is the town going broke on \$5,000?

Of course, we do not mean it is anybody's fault but the people's. They make the government of Richmond, and they stand for the folly that transgresses imagination. They are the goats who pay the piper. The workmen ought to demand concerts and several other means of enjoying themselves, including swimming pools and better car service to the woods, but they don't. They swallow the guff about "Your vote and influence will be appreciated," and the infinitesimal politicians enjoy the easy berth.

Music in most cities is looked on as a perfectly natural thing, like breathing. Here it is a luxury we get as a favor from the men who spend our money. Richmond is a funny place.

**THE RED BADGE OF CHARITY.**

Only those who have been sick and now are well, those who are sick and hope to be well, and those who are well and hope never to be sick, should buy a tag to-morrow on the original and annual Tag Day of the Instructive Visiting Nurses' Association. If every man, woman and child in Richmond, black and white, who belongs to these classes wears the little red and white symbol to-morrow, enough money will be secured to pay for the care and instruction in the simple rules of hygiene of thousands of poor and helpless people in this city. Last year these nurses paid 24,000 visits to such persons. There are nine of these ministering angels, whose expenses are paid out of the funds raised by the yearly Tag Day. If you buy a tag, paying what you feel like paying, you contribute just so much to the relief of the stricken poor who cannot help themselves. Buy a tag—it will make you feel better than anything else you can do to-morrow. Try it and see. Do you want to be a real benefactor?—buy a tag and—you're it.

**SCHOOL-TEACHING THAT PAYS.**

If you are one among the thousands of underpaid school-teachers who would like to be well paid, learn how to teach agriculture. It is a fact borne out by government statistics that it pays to be a teacher of the science of farming. The usual salary for the ordinary male teacher in the high school is \$700, the usual salary of the teacher of agriculture in the same institution is \$1,200. Lack of skilled instructors is the reason of the discrepancy, for the old law of supply and demand applies to the situation. "Not only is it found that the average pay of instructors in agriculture is higher than for other teachers, but that teachers who are able to give such instruction in addition to regular work command better salaries than they otherwise would and are more likely to be advanced to principalships than if they had not specialized in agriculture," declares the United States Bureau of Education.

Agriculture as a school subject is rapidly coming into its own. Before 1906 it had effected negligible entrance into the curriculum. In 1907 there were not more than 100 secondary schools in the entire country that gave instruction in agriculture; in 1912 there are more than 2,000. Elementary instruction in the subject is required by law in seventeen States, including Maine, California, Wisconsin and Mississippi. Several other States, Virginia among them, have established district agricultural high schools.

The demand for the cookbooks issued by the Federal Department of Agriculture has run into millions, but it's just as hard to get good cooking as it ever was.

**On the Spur of the Moment**  
By Roy K. Moulton

The Pennsylvanian.  
Old Uncle Peter never had a single happy day. Because you see old Uncle Pete just wasn't built that way. Whenever the sky was cloudless and the sun came out real bright, "A weather breeder," he would say, "You'll see that I am right."

When anybody had the sand to open up a store, or go in any business, Old Uncle Pete would roar: "By golly, but that man's a chump. Times are so good ding tight. That he will never make his salt. You'll see that I am right."

One day old Uncle Peter died. A cynic to the end. He kicked until the very last, and never would anend. But still he was contented as With death he made his tryst, Because he really never knew How much of life he'd missed.

**According to Uncle Abner.**

The first circus a feller sees is always the best, and all the rest is imitations. A bolt of lightning gave Hank Purdy a belt on the side of the head. Hank was so stunned, but when he came to, he was feelin' better than ever. Hank says he always wanted an electric belt, and everythin' comes to him or her which wants.

The more I see of outwitted chuffers the more I think old Darwin was right, after all. It has been fair but cloudy all this week, and the weather man who predicted both at the same time hit the nail on the head. Elmer Jones has got a job, he says. He's playin' traps in an orchestra. By golly, I have seen a good many musical instruments, but I never see a mouse trap or a skunk trap or a sign that was very harmonious to the ear. Some like a feller would have to be pretty keener playin' on a steel rat trap, for instance, for fear of gettin his fingers ketched.

They say there is a reason for everything in this world, but I would like to know the reason for putting a "B" on the front end of a rat. The Angora goat is a high jumper, and the only animal which can jump higher and oftener is dressed beef from the stock yards. When a lookin' glass falls and breaks it is a sign of bad luck, especially if it has a heavy gilt frame and happens to hit you on the head. It takes a woman longer to buy a half yard of red or baby ribbon than it does to buy a house and lot, and a mobile, steam yacht and an ice cream freezer, but she always gets her money's worth.

It's pretty tough to build a \$4,000,000 battleship, and when you get it done, discover that it is four years behind the style.

**The Plug Hat.**

This year, 1913, is the centenary of the silk hat, known in common parlance as the tile, the plug and the topknot. The first silk hat was manufactured and worn in this country in 1813. Some of the silk hats made in that year are still being worn. One can see them upon occasion of every great local event or when Maude Adams or grand opera comes to town. On an occasion of this kind one can see silk hats of every style that has been manufactured from 1813 to 1913. It is necessary to change the style of silk hats every year. If the style was never changed, there would be no sale for them. An ordinary silk hat will wear as long as a cast iron paper weight. It is impossible to kill them. Weber and Fields have tried their best to smash silk hats, but they are now using the same hats they used when they first gave their variety act in 1847. Ezra Kendall wore one silk hat twenty-seven years. W. J. Bryan and Thomas Marshall are now wearing silk hats for the first time in their lives. Nothing so enlivens the silk hat industry as a change in administration. The silk hat on Sunday covers a multitude of sins. Those who wear them on week days are statesmen, undertakers, corn dealers and young men who want people to believe they have money. That is all we know about the silk hat, and that is enough.

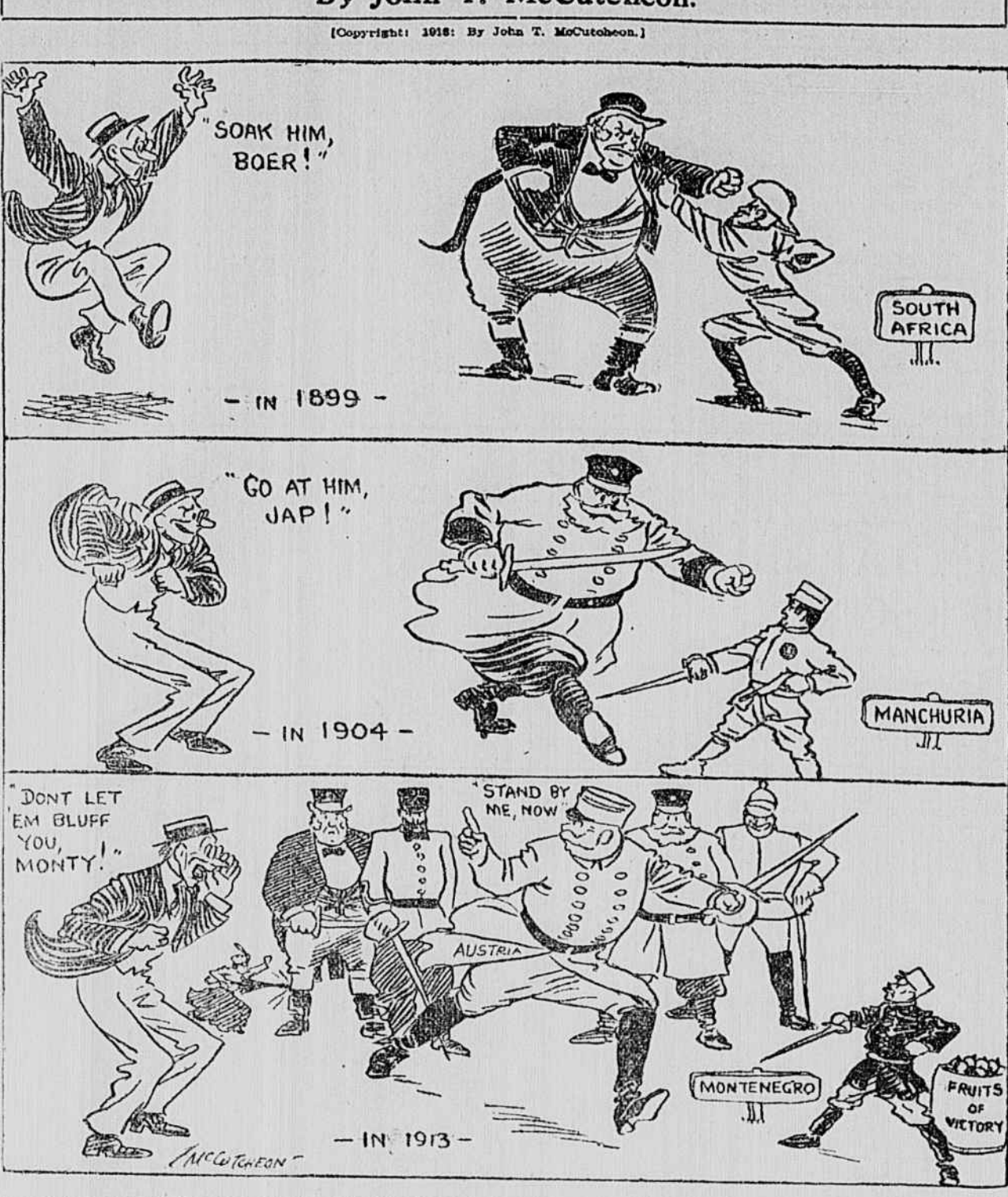
**Voice of the People**

**"Starve the Fly."**  
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:—Sir, I attended the "Clean-Up" conference held in John Marshall High School some time ago, and heard many good things said and many valuable suggestions made, and the time being near at hand to commence work, I will allow me space in your paper, I will offer a few words of advice in behalf of exterminating "Mr. Fly." Chairman Edward Hatch, Jr. of the American Civic Union, during a conference in Baltimore recently that

**Abe Martin**  
(To Miss Jane Cushman.)  
From keys now dumb  
Sweet echoes come  
Through passages I daily hum,  
And thus unroll  
From memory's scroll  
The themes that erstwhile stirred your soul.

Though far away  
You still can sway  
The hearts of those who've heard you  
Play sweet strains  
Through memory's chain  
The witchery of your hands refrain.  
With grace and ease  
Your magic trees  
The secrets of unbesomed keys,  
And there arise  
Sweet strains of music's paradise  
Ab, lifted hands,  
Your high commands  
Wake ecstasies of blissful lands,  
For, truth to tell,  
Who feels your spell  
Knows where the founts of joyance  
Well.  
SAM. M. GAINES.  
Washington, D. C.

**SYMPATHIES ALWAYS GO TO THE LITTLE FELLOW.**  
By John T. McCutcheon.



more than two miles from this line. Any considerable automobile office in town can supply exact information, or the Richmond Automobile Club can furnish a map tracing the way.

**QUERIES & ANSWERS**

**Royal Incomes.**  
What royal house in the world has the largest income? What next?  
SCHOOLGIRL.  
The Russian, The Turkish up to the beginning of the late war.  
H. R.  
New York City.

**The Argosy.**  
Please inform me who publishes The Argosy magazine.  
H. R.  
New York City.

**Argentine Commerce.**  
What cargo can best export ships get to take back from England to the Argentine? Could these same vessels get cargo for return trips from the United States? Can you give the figures for the carrying of the merchant vessels of England, Germany and the United States? What is the weight of apples to the bushel?  
P. C. SMITH.  
Manufactured articles. Certainly. From the 1912 report of the Commissioner of Navigation the figures for the merchant marine of the three countries you mention in the order above are 12,249,517 tons, 4,325,723 tons, 7,717,182 tons. There is no legal weight for a bushel of apples, unless you mean dried apples. These must weigh by act of Assembly, February 24, 1898, twenty-eight pounds.

**Two Addresses.**  
Please give the addresses of Mr. Andrew Carnegie and Mr. John D. Rockefeller.  
MRS. A. W. L.  
2 East Ninety-first Street and 4 West Fifty-fourth Street, both New York City.

**Taxation of Slaves.**  
Were slaves in Virginia taxed as personal property?  
STUDENT.  
Sometimes as low as 40 cents a head, but whether as "personal property" we have no space to consider here, unless we are advised that you are really interested in this point. We could hardly imagine that anybody who did not know that slaves were subject to taxation and did not have books found in the State records would be concerned whether they were regarded as real or personal property.

**J. E. Thomas.**  
Can you get me the address of Colonel J. E. Thomas, an old Richmonder, who served through the war in Mahone's Brigade?  
L. R. T.  
Woodlawn, a suburb of Birmingham, Ala.

**May Vote.**  
I came to Virginia and Richmond in February, 1912, and have lived at my present address since last June, and have paid my poll tax. Can I vote in the next election?  
RESIDENT.  
Residence of twelve months is sufficient to qualify you. You can.

**Physician's Account.**  
Is a physician's account barred after two years?  
READER.  
It is not.

**Whitewash.**  
Please reprint the receipt for whitewash as it is made at the Virginia Penitentiary.  
J. W. J.  
Shake good lime with just enough water to produce a paste, adding salt in about the ratio of one peck to the barrel of lime. Cover the wall to be whitewashed with this mixture and stand about four days. Then with water to the proper state when it is used. Several coats of this wash will wear and look better than one thick coat.

**Capital Punishment.**  
Please tell me what States of the United States have abolished capital punishment. Do you know whether the step has improved conditions?  
R. F. BAKER.  
We have no record later than 1909, at which date the States were Maine, Michigan, Wisconsin, Rhode Island and Kansas. We do not.

**Off Quoted.**  
Can you inform me which of the great writers is most quoted?  
T. T. MANSON.  
The space given to them in the books of quotation would show that the order is: Shakespeare, Pope, Milton, Byron, Wordsworth, Dryden.

**Views of the Virginia Editors**

**Landed an Otter.**  
Mr. H. A. Farley caught an otter in the Potomac, near the Green Spring, weeks ago. It being an exceedingly large one—Morven correspondence, Blackstone Courier.

**Good Roads in Southside.**  
"King" Adams, the ancient and honorable sheriff of Cumberland, has been shaking hands with Farmville friends, and no one is more cordially received, for he makes sunshine wherever he goes. An old soldier was asked in the presence of friend "King" whether or not he would take in the reunion at Gettysburg, and said he was too old, when the sheriff said, "I'm too young." May he live long and I'm sure he will never resign. The sheriff says that Cumberland is aroused on the subject of good roads, and is ready to do her full part in the work of securing them. Buckingham, ditto, Farmville, the same. So there can be no such thing as failure. And just here let me say that the sand-topped roadway has come to stay. Only a few days since I drove over the two miles and three-quarters of macadam road leading out from Farmville and that cost about \$11,000, and on leaving the macadam at once traveled over the sand-covered roadway, and beyond controversy the last named was the better road of the two. And in this connection I am reminded that Mr. Ben Johns, who went with his motor car to Richmond to give his father daily outings, on his return from Richmond for most of the way moved over these sand roads and broadcast them with smooth, well drained and just fine. This being so, it seems to me that the road problem has been solved for this section of Virginia. The sand is here, and when properly applied and used properly drained, the all-year-round good roads has been secured. And instead of the macadam cost, some \$1,000 a mile, these roads may be had for an average of \$600 a mile.—Farmville correspondent, Appomattox Times-Virginian.

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